Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God save the marke, here on his manly brest,
A piteous coarse, a bloody piteous coarse,
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedeaw'd in blood,
All in gore blood: I swouned at the sight.
Jul. O breake my heart, poore bankrupt breake at once,
To prison eyes, ne're looke on liberty,
Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* presse one heavie beere.
Nurse. O *Tibalt*, *Tibalt*, the best friend I had,
O courteous *Tibalt*, honest Gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thee dead.
Jul. What storme is this that blowes so contrary?
Is *Romeo* slaughtred? and is *Tibalt* dead?
My deerest cousin, and my dearer Lord:
Then dreadfull trumpet sound the generall doome,
For who is living if those two are gone?
Nurse. *Tibalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kild him, he is banished.
Jul. O God did *Romeo's* hand shed *Tibalts* blood?
Nurse. It did, it did, alas the day it did.
Jul. O serpent heart hid with a flowring face!
Did ever dragon keepe so faire a cave?
Beautifull tyrant, fiend angelicall,
Ravenous dove, feathred raven, wolvish-ravening lamb,
Despised substance of divinest shew,
Just opposite to what thou justly seemest,
A damned Saint, an honourable villaine.
O nature, what hadst thou to doe in hell,
When thou didst poure the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever booke containing so vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men,
All perjur'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers:
Ah, where's my man? give me some *Aqua vita.*

These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo.*
Jul. Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish: he was not borne to shame,
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole Monarch of the universall earth.
O what a beast was I to chide at him?
Nur. Will you speake well of him that kill'd your cousin?
Jul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord! what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife have mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my cousin?
That villaine cousin would have kill'd my husband.
Backe fooliish teares, backe to your native spring,
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer up to joy.
My husband lives that *Tibalt* would have slaine,
And *Tibalt's* dead that would have slaine my husband:
All this is comfort: wherefore weepe I then?
Some words there were worser than *Tibalts* death
That murdred me: I would forget it faine,
But oh, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners mindes;
Tibalt is dead, and *Romeo* banished.
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there.
Or if sowre woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why follow'd not, when she said *Tibalt's* dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might have mov'd:
But with a rereward following *Tibalts* death,
Romeo is banished: to speake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All slaine, all dead, *Romeo* is banished.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.58) Octavo